

## The Angel of Death

Eyes glaze over, breath becomes shallow, feet slowly become cold to touch;  
This is when the work truly begins, for both of you.  
You, the midwife between life and death, witness to the sacredness of what you  
can not fully understand, something unexplainable but necessary in the circle of  
life.  
You hold the cold hand, reassure the one transitioning that they are doing a good  
job.  
Just as a mother in labor can have a hard time, or one of ease, so it is when  
birthing into the next life. There is no wrong way to die; it is just inevitable.  
Oils, blessings, prayer, meditation, ritual—the tools of human angels as they help  
the soul release to new life.  
Christ, Buddha, Krishna, Gaia, angels, archangels, ancestors all gather and create  
a sacred space within which you will do your work, sometimes with the nurse  
for medications, often consoling family members in their grief, but ultimately  
with the person in transition from this world to the next.  
In your mind, or sometimes out loud, you call on the assistance of the other  
world to bring you the knowledge, the words, the songs and sounds, the touch,  
the absolution needed to assist in a peaceful passing.  
Sometimes it is the mother, father, daughter, son, or sibling that needs to arrive  
for completion, other times it is just you they were waiting for.  
Your heart is laid open, your soul's knowledge extends past the dogma that has  
been taught, your mind finds new meanings to Scripture, your faith is tested—  
and in a moment, your body is filled with the warmth of Spirit and you know  
you are where you need to be at this very moment.  
At the disturbing sight of a body fighting between life and death, you find your  
center. You can do this because you know, yes, you know, it is all going to fine,  
better than fine, at least for this person, not so much for those left behind, as you  
too know the sting of grief.  
Suddenly the air fills with expectation, you can feel the energy, you have felt this  
so many times before, and you lean into the ear that awaits your voice.  
You say, "Just know there is nothing that you have ever done or could ever do  
that would keep you from the love of God. You are forgiven." Then you call on  
the God of their tradition for forgiveness and grace.  
the breath stops, the face relaxes, suddenly the peace that surpasses  
understanding becomes obvious in the face that previously showed stress. There  
is peace. There is a calmness.  
The Angel of Death has passed over the room, and you smile, for you know each  
other well.

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